Bismarck Tribune.

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Historical Society

The Bismarck Tribune.

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Postmasters are authorized to act as our agents, retaining a commission of 12½ per cent.—or 25 cents for each yearly subscription.

Bismarck Business Directory.

Advertisements inserted under this head, two lines or less, per annum, $5.00; additional lines at $2 50.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE—a live western newspaper, published by the Bismarck Tribune Company at $2.00 per year.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO., Bankers. Interest allowed on time deposits, Exchange bought and sold, &c.

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GENERAL SUPPLIES.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO. A full line of supplies, Dry Goods, Clothing, &c. Wholesale and Retail.

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J. P. REARDON—Groceries, Provisions, Liquors and Cigars.

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P. [illegible]—Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

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JAMES SOUTER—Blacksmithing, &c.

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H. R. PORTER—Physician and Surgeon. Office at Nicholson & Porter's Drug Store.

LAWYERS.

DELAMATER & FLANNERY—Lawyers, Tribune Block. County Attorney's office.

E. A. WILLIAMS—Lawyer, Third St. Deputy U. S. Attorney.

JOHN A. STOYELL—Lawyer, Fourth St.

H. M. DAVIS—Lawyer and City Justice, Third Street.

THOMAS VAN ETTEN—Lawyer and U. S. Court Commissioner, Main St.

LIVERY.

CHAS. McCARTY—Livery, Sale and Feed Stable. First Class Rigs.

JOHN OSTLAND—Livery and Feed Stable. Rear of Bailey House.

Bismarck Tribune!

THE

LIVELIEST,

NEWSIEST,

MOST POPULAR

Weekly Paper in the Northwest, will be furnished One Year for

TWO DOLLARS IN ADVANCE,

together with the TRIBUNE'S

CUSTER CHROMO,

a magnificent Chromo-Lithograph of this Popular Cavalry Commander. The Chromo alone is worth the money, and was manufactured specially for the TRIBUNE, at an expense of several hundred dollars, by Strobridge & Co., Cincinnati, the well-known Chromo Publishers.

The TRIBUNE will contain not only all of the news of the day, but the latest and most reliable reports concerning the

BLACK HILLS

AND THE WONDERFUL

GOLD DISCOVERIES!

which have recently been made by Custer's Black Hills expedition in that hitherto unknown region. This is important, as Bismarck is the nearest point to the Black Hills, and will be the point where expeditions will outfit. From Bismarck to the Black Hills there is a direct and well-marked trail, made by the return of Custer's expedition.

The TRIBUNE is the only weekly newspaper in the United States which sent a Special Correspondent with Custer's expedition.

It is the only weekly in the United States which publishes FULL

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES,

giving the LATEST NEWS up to the time of going to press, together with the News of the Week, condensed and put in an

ATTRACTIVE FORM.

The Philadelphia *Ledger*, in speaking of this Popular Newspaper, says:

"The BISMARCK TRIBUNE, a weekly newspaper published at Bismarck, Dakota Territory, has just completed its first year's existence. It is a bright and [illegible] well edited sheet, and would compare [illegible] with many of the more pretentious journals of the Atlantic coast. [illegible] inhabited only by [illegible]."

All Postmasters and News Agents are authorized to act as our agents, retaining for their services the usual commission.

Subscriptions and letters should be addressed to the

BISMARCK TRIBUNE COMPANY,

Bismarck D. T.

TELEGRAMS

Reported Specially for the Bismarck Tribune.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Gen. Harding is dead.

The dead-lock continues in West Virginia.

J. C. Jones, Democrat, elected U. S. Senator from Forida.

Lt. Geo. Smith, 23d Infantry, suicided at Fort Russell on Saturday.

Fort Benton advices report 5[illegible] below zero during the recent cold snap.

Two persons were frozen to death in Nashville, Tennessee, on Saturday.

Lying Jack was found dead in front of his house near Brainerd, a few days ago.

Colonel Shaw, of St. Paul, has leased the Hubbard House at Sioux City.

Reil, Lepine and O'Donahue have been banished for five years from Manitoba.

Numerous suits by attachment have been commenced against Col. King in his absence.

The Irish rifle association throws open their matches to Americans but only to them.

Samuel Hooper died Saturday; W. W. Eaton, Senator-elect has been appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by his death.

It is rumored that the Pacific Mail Company are selling their property including wharfs, etc., in San Francisco, for a quarter of their value.

Mrs. Kounse, of Watertown, Wis., gave birth to five children last week—two of them living. All weighed ten pounds, and all were perfectly formed.

Tilton, in his testimony, says he was with Vic Woodhull several times by daylight, and once in the night, after which he gave Beecher that paroxysmal kiss.

Late advices from Fort Sill are that the greater portion of the barracks at that post are burned, and almost all the Indian prisoners held there have escaped.

The Pacific Mail Company are to begin proceedings to compel all paries who have received any money abtracted from the company by Stockwell and Irwin, to promptly refund.

A joint resolution was introduced in Congress on Saturday authorizing the Secretary to admit, free of duty, the diamonds presented by the Khedive of Egypt to Minnie Sherman.

The railroad commissioners of Wisconsin have reported in favor of the repeal of the Potter law, and as for the enactment of a law allowing the commissioners to fix the rates of first class roads.

In the Minnesota Senatorial contest the vote Saturday was: Lochren 64, Gordon E. Cole 55, and the balance scattering among fourteen candidates. Democrats united all their strength on Lochren.

Ramsey and Davis having withdrawn, three ballots were had on Saturday and three Monday. The Republicans are terribly demoralized and scattered,—highest vote Gordon E. Cole 3, Washburn 31. Lochren now receive his full party vote—64; necessary to a choice 74. The chances are that Ramsey will yet be taken up and elected.

A bill has passed the House providing for the equalization of bounties. It provides for the payment of every non-commissioned officer, musician artificer, wagoner and private soldier, including those who were borne on the rolls as slaves, who were in the army, and honorably discharged, $8.33 per month for the term of their service between April 12, 1861, and May 9, 1865, with deduction of all bounties paid heretofore by the United States or by States. Substitutes and prisoners of war excluded.

Com. W. J. Kountz, of Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 5th inst., raised steam on his new steamer, the Chas. V. Mead—so named in honor of Gen Manager Mead of the Northern Pacific. The Commodore has built the boat especially for the Upper Missouri trade. Her length is 190 feet, has 30 feet beam, and 3½ feet hold; draws light 13 inches, and will carry a fair load of freight on 20 inches; has a very neat cabin, and has capacity for as many passengers as any boat on the river. She is calculated to run when the larger boats will have to lie idle from lack of water.

She would be the boat to explore the Yellowstone river should such be needed, as she can probably go further up that stream than any other boat now built.

The rehearing of the Bismarck townsite contest is ordered for May 15th.

Flannery left for St. Paul on the 11th, on a business trip; will be back in three weeks.

Mrs. Slaughter promises us a new book next year—"The Portfolio of a Western Postmaster."

Boot and Shoe Packs. Artics, &c. R. C. Seip, Fort A. Lincoln.

Hubbard, of Fargo, did not go to Washington, as was expected. He has returned from the east.

The "Amazonian Corps" having been put in light marching order will proceed herefter without interruption.

Gen. Dandy is ordered from Fort A. Lincoln to Raleigh, N. C. The regimental Quartermaster succeeds him.

Benj. C. Ash, U. S. Deputy Marshall, and Dan. Williams arrived from Yankton last Wednesday afternoon, being twenty-four days making the overland trip.

Col. George Gray has returned to St. Paul from the east, bringing a wife, having led to the alter a daughter of a prominent family from the county of Cork, Ireland.

A woman, and a squaw at that, was at the bottom of that shooting match at Standing Rock week ago Sunday, whereby another Lo departed to the happy hunting grounds.

Apples and Cranberries delivered in Bismarck. R. C. Seip, Fort A. Lincoln.

We cannot supply any more back numbers of the TRIBUNE, containing the "Amazonian Corps." If subscribers want the story complete, they must see that their subscriptions are not allowed to expire during its publication.

Com. Braithwaite, well known in this place as the general agent of the Kountz line of boats for the upper Missouri, arrived Sunday afternoon, and seems to have enjoyed his overland trip. He reports considerable snow and a "heap" of cold weather in the States.

A large and full line of imported goods—Pickles, Conserves, &c. R. C. Seip, Fort A. Lincoln.

Some of the parties who have been filing on the contested portion of this townsite are making themselves useless expense, and may learn ere long that they have "put their foot in it." It only makes a bad matter worse, and doesn't help them worth a cent. People sometimes learn what is for their interest after it is too late.

The *Press and Dakotian* says the TRIBUNE claims that the bill incorporating Fargo was vetoed by the Governor, and the statement made because of jealous rivalry between the two towns. The *Press* is off wrong; a resident of Yankton telegraphed us the information, and published as is other telegraph matter—for what it is worth.

The City Council held a special meeting Monday evening. A committee was appointed to secure a suitable room in which to hold their sessions.

Mayor Hackett appointed the following

STANDING COMMITTEES:

On Ways and Means—Ald. Jackman, Gutgesell and McKenzie.

On Fire—Ald. Slaughter, Richards and Welch.

On Printing—Ald. Richards, Jackman and Slaughter.

On Streets—Ald. McKenzie, Gutgesell and Jackman.

On License—Ald. Welch, Slaughter and Richards.

On Election—Ald. Richards, Jackman and Welch.

On Schools—Ald. Slaughter, Gutgesell and McKenzie.

Wm. Smith was appointed street Commissioner, John O'Connor Fire Marshall, Peter Meloy night police and watchman, E. T. Winston City Engineer and Dr. Porter City physician.

Committee on ways and means were instructed to report at the next meeting the saleries to be paid such officers.

Adjeurned till next Monday evening.

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned have entered into Co-partnership from January 1st, 1875, as agents of HALL'S SAFE & LOCK Co. BIGFORD & PASSMORE,
No. 45, Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn. feb17w3.

An Ohio youth is to be hanged next March for killing a small boy to get possession of a pound of brown sugar. It was the principal of the thing, not the sugar, which influenced the jury. As a general thing, "sugar" goes a long way with a jury.

"We are Pained to Learn."

A Louisville reporter, having accumulated a fortune here, resolved to abandon city life, with its glittering shams, and he went South, where he got a situation on a country newspaper. The village being rather dull, he had only seven or eight items when the week was about to close, and one or two of these were puffs of turnips which had been left at the office. They were, however, well written, he thought, and he handed them to the editor. As each of the turnip paragraphs come under the editorial eye, a smile of approval lit up the editorial countenance, and continued to light it until the last of the items was reached. Here the editorial visage underwent an awful change. The item was about an accident that happened to a "well-known citizen." Reading it over several times, as if to gain time to check the indignation which seemed to be boiling within him, he turned upon the reporter. "Young man," he thundered, "your services are no longer required; I can't have any man about me that doesn't say at the beginning of his paragraphs, 'We are pained to learn.'" —*Courier-Journal.*

Nantucket people enjoy a reputation for smartness, and even Daniel Webster found his match there. The story as told by Mr. Webster himself as follows:

"The court held a term on this island periodically. There was not much litigation. But the suits were heavy, relating to ships, whale fishing and oil. The judges and lawyers usually went over from the continent and spent a week or ten days, and finished the business of the session. One day, one of the Friends of the island called at my office in Boston, and said:

"Friend Daniel, what wilt thou ask to come down to Nantucket and plead a case for me before the judge?"

"I will go for a thousand dollars."

"That is too much, Friend Daniel."

"But I'll have to go down Saturday, and perhaps remain the whole week following, I would as soon argue the whole docket."

"Well, friend Daniel, if thee will argue such cases as I will present to thee before my case is called, I will give thee a thousand dollars;" so the bargain was struck.

My client went to Nantucket, and found his case at the foot of the docket. He went from man to man and saw all who had any case on the docket, and said. "What will thee give if I get the great Daniel Webster to plead thy cause." He took retainers from a dozen men. Some gave him a hundred dollars, and some five hundred dollars. He had grace enough to give me the thousand dollars agreed, and paid my expenses in the bargain. I argued the docket right through, for plaintiff and defendant, until I reached my client's case. He struck the balance, and admitted, as the steamer left the wharf, that he had got his case argued, and pocketed fifteen hundred dollars besides.

Among the early settlers in Oxford county, Maine, was David McWayne. He bought a large tract of land situated on a beautiful eminence in that county, known as McWayne's homestead. He cleared and improved, and afterwards cultivated, one of the best farms in the then district (this was long before Maine was admitted as a State,) he was an eccentric man, but a true friend to the unfortunate, and when David McWayne died the poor men of that section lost their chief stay.

On a certain season the corn crop failed almost entirely in that county. It was McWayne's custom to keep a year's supply of corn on hand in advance; and then, again, elevated land the late frosts of spring and the early frosts of autumn did not trouble him as they troubled his neighbors of lower-lying farms. And so it came to pass that in this winter of scarcity David McWayne had enough and to spare. Some people over in the adjoining town of Norway, hearing that he had plenty of breadstuff, and knowing his liberality, drove over for the purpose of purchasing. They asked him if he had corn to spare?

"Yes," said he, "I have corn to spare."

They wanted twenty bushels.

"Have you any money to pay for it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir." answered the spokesman of the party. "We should not have come without money."

"Then, gentlemen," said McWayne, with calm decision, "I cannot let you have corn. If you have money you can send to Portland for it. I am surrounded by poor people who have no money and no corn. I must supply them and let them pay me in work. They would suffer else."

And through that long, hard winter, David McWayne adhered to his resolution. No man who had money to pay for it could buy his corn, but to the poor and penniless he emptied his garners, allowing them to work for him in return at their own convenience.

The Bismarck Tribune.

Bismarck, D. T., Feb. 17, 1875.

At Yankton, when the Supreme Court renders a decision distasteful to any member of the high-toned, sensitive denizens of that metropolis, an indignation meeting is assembled to express their displeasure and to teach the judges of the law their duty. This is a refinement of civilization which appears to be peculiar to the "judicial mind" of what General Sheridan would be likely to define as the *rabble* court of that city, who take it for granted that nothing is settled until they have passed upon it. Whether it is a railroad case or a question involving some of the intricacies of the criminal code, judges of long experience and unimpeachable character are arraigned before this mob tribunal, if their decisions do not square with those inculcated at "pool clubs," and in corner saloons, or by salons still more assinine in all their impulses and instincts. The sentiment that goes forth with these demonstrations reminds one, to borrow a figure, of a congregation of cannibals at a missionary church weeping over the story of Calvary. It is hardly necessary to add that the judges have been able to stand it thus far, and their judicial ermine remains unsoiled notwithstanding these onslaughts.

A recent telegram from Yankton is our excuse for this item.

On Friday Ramsey gained eight votes, and the Davis men having failed to sell out to the Democrats, became frightened and accepted the proposition made by the Ramsey men eight days before:—to withdraw both Ramsey and Davis and fight it out in joint convention. The chances are that they will fail to agree, and that Lochren may be elected, though the writer is not without hope that, failing to agree on any other, they may yet concentrate on Ramsey and elect him.

Wm. S. King has been found in Canada and subpœnaed, but still fails to appear before the committee. His unfortunate predicament has buried the N. P. extension, so far "busted" Ramsey, and played smash generally with northwestern ducks.

El Paso or Southern Pacific exposure has had the same effect on that enterprise that the Pacific Mail had on the Northern Pacific, and the committee have determined to report against it and and all railroad enterprises. So the question is dead for this session.

The First Brood.

The Eastern papers bring the names of several others involved in Charles Albert's exposure as to what he did with the $106,500 which he received from Irwin. All the names of the "paid hirelings" and the amounts paid are all as follows:

To Josheph MacFarland, correspondent of Forney's Press and the Boston *Globe*, $25,000. MacFarland swears that he gave it to Forney, for whom it was intended. Forney owned two papers, and was or had been Clerk of the Senate.

To W. D. Shaw, the correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, $15,000, (for "private and exclusive information.")

To Donn Piatt, editor of the *Capitol*, $5,000. He says it was "a loan," but how he would deride any member of Congress caught "borrowing" $5,000 of the rich corporation! To J. M. Morris, editor of the *Chronicle*, $1,500. He was also executive clerk of the Senate. To A. W. Randall, ex-Gov. and Postmaster General, (lobbyist) $6,600. To L. E. Chittenden, formerly Register of the Treasury, $5,000. To A. B. Corwin (son of Tom Corwin) $1,500. To J. H. Hersee, assistant doorkeeper of the House, $11,000 (for watching members.) John Boyed, another doorkeeper, $4,500 (for the same service). To J. G. Barrett, formerly Democratic Mayor of Washington, $7,000. To H. G. Fant, banker, $7,000. To R. C. Parsons, $1,500. William Moran, correspondent *Tribune*, $1,000. To O. J. Averill, a nephew of Gen. Averill, M. C., $9,000. The committee will call before them all the persons named who are now living, to explain why they got this money, and what they did with it. Three of these persons were at that time and still are officers of Congress, which will be likely to convict Irwin of perjury. A correspondent says: "Mr. Irwin is understood to threaten dangerous things to several members of Congress, if he can get free on writ of *habeas corpus*."

The Mind Reader at Work.

Lewis, the weird romancer of the Detroit *Free Press*, tells this story:

The other night, when twenty or thirty persons were assembled at a residence on Lafayette avenue, it was proposed to test the theory of mind-reading. There was a pale, solemn-looking young man present, having accompanied his widowed mother from the Fifth ward, and he was selected as the one most likely to make the experiment a success.

He submitted to be blindfolded, and it was determined to see if he could tell what any one was thinking about. A corpulent widower clasped hands with the young man, laid his other hand on the mind-reader's forehead, and after a moment of other preparation there was dead silence. The widower closed his eyes, and the young man lowered his hand and moved it from side to side.

"What's he thinking of!" whispered several persons.

"Of how he kicked his wife out of bed and caused her death!" was the answer.

The widower tried to laugh with the rest but he made poor work of it, and explained that he was thinking of the City hall. He slid back and sat down, and a single lady, about thirty years of age, took his place. After a moment the mind reader was told to speak her thoughts, and he announced:

"She'd give all her old shoes to get a husband."

The lady tried to laugh, and sat down in a corner, while a bald-headed married man who was a firm believer in mind reading, took her place as a victim. He fixed his thoughts firmly on a chromo hanging on a wall, and held them there so long that the perspiration started out on his neck. After two long minutes of silence the mind reader whispered:

"You are thinking of a little blue-eyed widow woman in the Sixth Ward wondering if she got your letter the other day."

"No, sir, no, sir," exclaimed the man, "I was thinking of that chromo."

"Can't help it" replied the mind reader, "I saw her and her house so plainly before me that I'll bet $10 I can take you right to the door."

The bald headed man pretended to be tickled almost to death, but sat down looking very red in the face, and very anxiously toward his wife.

The young man declared his readiness to read the thoughts of others, but no one else came forward. Finally, to spin out the exhibition, a man stepped up with something hidden in a particular pocket, and asked the mind reader to tell what it was.

Hands were clasped, there was a pause, and then the mind reader said:

"It's a bill from a jeweler, for a $60 lady's chain. The bill says that the account is two years old and will be sued after this week!"

"See how he is mistaken!" replied the young man, pulling a nickle from his pocket, but he couldn't laugh to save his life, although he tried very hard.

The young man had become greatly interested by this time but the crowd held back strangely, seeming to be afraid of him, while nearly every one declared that they thought mind reading a great humbug. The young man moved his arms about, commanded silence, and after a moment cried out:

"I can see as plainly as any of you whose eyes are not bandaged."

"What do you see?" enquired one of the men.

"There are three ladies present who have holes in the heels of their stockings," replied the mind reader.

There was a small laugh, and several hints were thrown out that the audience would take up some other amusement.

"There are two men here who owe for their boots," continued the mind reader.

"I guess we will remove the bandage now," said one of the men, rising up.

"And there's a lady here who'd give a hundred dollars to have the freckles removed from her nose," exclaimed the young man.

"The theory of mind reading," said the man, as he worked at the knot in the handkerchief, "is as—"

"And there are six women here who have cold feet," interrupted the mind reader.

They lifted the bandage, ran the mind reader off to a chair in the bay-window, and although the hour was still early, a great share of the company announced that they must be going as the children had bad colds.

A Thrilling English Court Scene.

Just before Christmas there was a truly dramatic scene in an English Court at Chester, which will be memorable among the incidents of the bench and bar. The usual solemnities of such tribunals,—especially in England,—were laid aside, and the Judge became the Savior of a prisoner, and the thronged audience in the Court-room burst out in enthusiasm.

Mary Lancaster was married to a "brute." Her husband lived off her earnings, and she worked her fingers to the bone to support him. He was in the habit of beating her severely, too, to cement their unhappy union. One day he came home half drunk, and commenced his domestic amusements by kicking a joint of meat which was roasting before the fire into the cinders. He then seized his wife by the hair and dragged her around the room and beat her between whiles.

In desperation the woman picked up a steel and threw it at her husband. The point entered his skull, inflicting injuries from which he died. Mary Lancaster was arrested, and it was found that the body was covered with bruises—some of them of long standing. It was evident that she was habitually brutally abused by the man she had killed. She was tried at the Chester assizes, and the jury found her guilty of manslaughter. It only remained for the Judge to assess her puishment and condemn her as a convict. The court-room was crowded, and every man and woman there was the prisoner's friend.

The Judge commenced by asserting that there were facts and depositions even worse that those named at the trial. Then addressing the woman he said:

"All the real right in this case was on your side, all the real wrong on your husband's, and God forbid that I should punish you. I will be no party to it. I will not even make this judgment complete. I will not even allow it to be said by anybody that you are a convicted felon for a conviction is not complete until a sentence is passed, and I mean to pass no sentence at all."

Then there was loud applause in that court-room which the court crier forgot to quell. It was an outburst of sympathy above the rules of court decorum. The prisoner was then discharged on her own recognizance, to come up for judgment when called for, but the Judge said in conclusion: "Nobody in the world will ever call upon you. God forbid they ever should."

The Way in Wyoming.

Fort Laramie Letter to the Cincinnati Commercial.

The shooters were a queer lot. Some arrant cowards, others not. Some brave under peculiar circumstancs, such as a street fight or a promiscous shooting, and sneaking when "t'other fellow had the drop," or when tackled by anything out of their particular line.

I asked Dave Reed:—"How did you happen to kill 'Heenan'"

"Why, I fired a little Derringer I had from my pants pocket."

"But what was the cause of it?"

"Well, you see, he thought he was chief and I know'd he wasn't; and one day I was drinking at the Star Sample Room, and he came up to me, and I seed business in his eye. I fooled him. You see I had my hand in my pants pocket; I didn't have no six-shooter slung to me; he wanted to know if he couldn't get away with any son of a b— who hed tow hair; I've got light hair, you see; I allowed he might if he had the drop; he allowed I was a liar; and I just shoved my pocket easy again his belly and turned loose. Some of the boys talked a little rough about it, but they know'd Heenan meant to call me that day; he said so; the only difference was I had the best hand. 'The authorities!' And Mr. Davis' chuckle implied anything but a profound respect for the powers that were of that burgh. 'Oh—— Do you suppose them fellers dare touch me when I had such a clear case of self-defence?' So it was. Cases like this could be told by the scores, and worse. There are many in which the Coroner was called, if convenient, and the verdict rendered, "Killed by party or parties unknown." As for highway robbery it was as little thought of as taking a drink. No one thought of going out at night with any amount of money on the person. Toward midnight none but the most venturesome went into the streets alone, and then armed and carefully avoiding the sidewalks."

Courtesy has a market value. In one of our large hotels a young man has a very large salary as a room clerk. He has the faculty of stowing away people in all sorts of unmentionable places in his hotel and make the guests feel happy about it. His politeness and good humor never run emptyings. Stout, of the Shoe and Leather Bank, is celebrated for his financial success and for his inexhaustible good nature. He is never so busy but he has a kind word for the humblest. When they are rushing in the bank, Mr. Stout always finds time to say, "Take a seat, sir, I'll be at leisure in a moment." A man came in the bank the other day and opened an account. "I came here," he said, "not simply because I knew it would be safe with you, but because you are always civil. I have been a depositor in —— Bank for many years. I went in to-day to see the cashier. I knew him when he had no society to boast of, and hardly money enough to pay for a dinner at a cheap restaurant. I laid my hat on the desk, which I suppose I had no business to do. He waved his hand with an imperious air, and said, 'Take that hat off.' I removed my hat, when he said, 'Now I'll hear what you have to say.' 'I've nothing to say to you.' I went to the bookkeeper, ordered my account made up, took the Bank's check for $42,000, and this I wish to deposit." The president and the cashier represent two styles of business common in New York. Sauciness does not bear a high commercial value among the financial men of this city.—*N. Y. Cor. Boston Journal.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

[illegible] not [illegible] to [illegible] as being fat and fickle so much as they did before it was Alphonso, *Rex.*

Lotta is dead. It is a French violinist of the same name though, and not our sweet little red-headed chandelier kicker.

A Vermont woman broke an omnibus driver's nose at one blow, and she was on her way to a water-cure establishment and supposed to be in a dying condition at that.

"When I put my foot down, I'll have you to understand," said Mrs. Nojoker, "that there is something there." On investigaticn it was found to be a No. 11 shoe.

There are some men who take things critically. Such an one was Col. Sullivan A. Meredith who died a few days ago. His last words were: "There is a new sensation."

Lithographic stone has been discovered at the quarry of Mr. Ferguson, six miles up the Big Sioux river. Chicago lithographic experts pronounce the stone first-class.

A genteel farmer in Massachusetts, a retired Bostonian, didn't know how to take a wagon wheel off to grease the axle, and so he bored holes through the hub and poured in the grease.

"Father," said a juvenile to his parental guardian who had the bad habit of alternating from piety to profanity, "I do think you ought to stop praying or swearing—I don't care which."

An Indiana man bet $10 that he could ride the fly-wheel in a saw-mill, and as his widow paid the bet she remarked: "William was a kind husband, but he didn't know much about fly-wheels."

When a Dubuque landlord turns a sick widow out doors for non-payment of rent, a crowd waits upon him and escorts him down to the shores of a lovely pond and insists upon his taking a swim.

A Milwaukee man hid in a public doorway and jumped out and kissed his wife. She didn't whoop and yell, as he expected, but replied: "Don't be so bold, mister—folks around here know me!"

"I can't say as he went to Heaven," remarked a Fort Scott citizen of a deceased townsman, "but he paid a bill of eleven years' standing only the day before he died, and you may judge for yourself."

A clergyman at Kansas City said if there was any one within hearing of his voice who would try to put a stop to Sunday dog fighting he'd like to have 'em rise up. A small boy and an old woman rose up.

A Chicago Alderman tried for three hours to think of George Washington's last name, but he couldn't do it. He said he knew it was George, and that the man had something to do with the Mexican war, but he couldn't remember further.—*Detroit Press.*

A Detroit man, who was not used to work, undertook to slaughter a hog the other day, and in the struggle the knife disappeared, and, incredible as it may appear, it was afterwards discovered that the hog had actually swallowed it handle and blade.

The severity of weather in Scotland may be inferred from the fact that snow in some places is lying two feet deep on the higher ranges of hills, a depth which has not been equalled since 1838. Sheep are suffering greatly from inability to get at the herbage through its frosty covering.

An exchange tells us that "the law in Minnesota won't allow a father to thrash a child over 16 years old." In Kentucky it is not the law that prevents the father from thrashing a child over 16 years old. As a general thing the child attends to that little matter himself.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The most extraordinary instance of the application of the proceeds of theft is reported from Montreal, where a letter-carrier on probation stole a registered letter containing $6, and used the contents to insure himself in one of the companies that guarantee the honesty of their policy-holders in responsible positions.

An old farmer talks thus about his boys: From nineteen to twenty they knew more than he did; at twenty-five they knew as much; at thirty they were willing to hear what he had to say; at thirty-five they asked his advice; and he thinks when they are forty they will actually acknowledge that the old man *does* know something.

A female justice of Wyoming was married last week, and, true to her professional training, she previously notified her friends to be present by a printed form, as follows: "I am about to marry Mr. J—— D—— of this county, and he will be qualified and sworn in at my office on Wednesday morning next at 10 o'clock. You are invtied to attend."

A student was repremanded by the Professor for his lateness at morning prayers, and excused himself on the plea that the prayers took place too late. "How," said the Professor, "is 6 o'clock too late?" "Yes, sir," replied the student, "If you had them about 4 o'clock I could attend, but no man could be expected to stay up till 6."

There is more human nature in this remark than is often found in so brief a space: "Determined beforehand, we gravely pretend to ask the opinion and thoughts of a friend; should his differ from ours on any pretense, we pity his want both of judgment and sense; but if he falls into and flatters our plan, why, really, we think him a sensible man."

That was an irreverent and ribald youth, who to his aged parent desiring to retire from the retail trade and take a Government position, said: "You in the post office! Nice old party you'd be in a post office. What could you do in the post office except stand in the doorway with your mouth open for folks to wet postage stamps on your tongue?"

The superintendent of a Methodist Sunday school in our place is an undertaker, and there is some talk of asking him to resign, not only because he makes the children sing, "I would not live always," regularly every Sunday, but because on the back of reward cards that are given to good children he has had printed a gilt coffin with a list of his rates for funerals.

A Belleville boy nam Palmer was desirous of knowing what effect the mere snapping of a cap on his toy pistol would have on a solitary shot placed in the barrel of the same; so on Christmas day he tried the experiment. The solitary shot was extracted from the left eye of Ang. Lukpe by a surgeon, who gave it as his opinion that the sight of the eye would not be permanently injured.

A man about two thirds drunk was riding on a Fourth street car yesterday, and he hadn't yet unbosomed himself when a nice-looking young man, highly scented, entered the car and took a seat opposite the inebriate. The perfume floated over, and the man snuffed and turned his head this way and that. He finally got his eyes on this young man, and pointing his finger at him inquired: "Y-young man—d-do your f-feet smell—smell that way all the t-time?" There was a dead silence in the car.

When the clock struck 12 the other night Joe Davey of Des Moines, who was sitting up with a dead man, tossed off a bowl of whisky and settled himself for a nap. Pretty soon one of the boys stuck his head into the window and gruffly said, "Joe, old pard, I'm looking at ye." Joe opened his eyes, grabbed a chair, and whacking the corpse over the head, ejaculated: "Ye are, are ye; I'll teach ye to be scaring of me, d—n ye!" and, after hitting him a few times more, Joe sat down muttering, "I owed the old cuss one, anyway."—*Chicago Post and Mail.*

Katie Kings are collapsing everywhere. It now appears that the Katie King who appeared at the seances of Miss Cook, in London, is of the earth, earthly, as the Philadelphia spirit proved. A Mr. William Hipp writes to the newspapers that he attended a meeting where the spirits were to sprinkle water upon those assembled. A tumbler was placed upon the table and the lights turned down. Mr. Hipp, being suspicious, grasped the tumbler and soon grasped a hand dipping into it. Thus it is that the reputation of Katie number one is blasted like that of Katie number two. This is a hard winter on muskrats and spiritualists.

One day last week, a man came to a note-shaver, handed him a note duly signed by a "good man," and asked him if he would buy it. The note had two years to run. The man of money glanced at the signature and notified the customer that he would purchase the document if they could agree upon terms—"What will you give for it?" said the seller. The broker took his pencil and figured. When he had completed the example he scratched his head and muttered—"No, that can't be correct," and figured again. Again the result didn't suit him and again he stirred up the capillary substance with his fore-finger, and again he "ciphered." The third result appeared to satisfy him, and looked up at the customer, he remarked: "At first I thought I was mistaken, but the second and third trials verify the finding of the first. According to our rules for shaving paper you owe me just fifteen dollars, but as it's you, I'll take the paper and call it square." The seller studied awhile, and concluded not to do it.

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THE AMAZONIAN CORPS.

A Romance of the Army.

BY LINDA W. SLAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XI.—WAYSIDE WISDOM.

Corporal Casey was a genius, and the companions of his hurried flight soon found him to be about as useless a corporation as geniuses generally are. Talking was his specialty. He talked from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, with only moderate pauses, marked by his three meals a day. Unlike most people of his class who talk much, he talked well, and what he said was always interesting and happily expressed. His companionship, in consequence, was highly entertaining, and he beguiled many a tedious hour on their weary march, for Ross and Jacob, by his ready wit and pleasant speech. They were both inexperienced in the world's ways, and had not yet learned the biblical truths that a multitude of words betokens a lack of understanding, and that much talking is a weariness to the flesh. He was the oldest of the three, and this, with his greater worldly knowledge, gave him an unconscious air of superiority, and he was soon, by tacit consent, established as the leader of the little party of fugitives. He was exceedingly communicative about himself, and entered into all the minutiae of his personal history, with such earnestness and graphic force of description, as to greatly interest his traveling auditors. Beginning at his childhood, he recounted the chief incidents of his early life, tracing his genealogy half way back to Adam, thus proving conclusively his descent from one of the original "first families" of the globe, though whether in a direct line from the Father of mankind himself, or from that equally ancient branch of the family whose escutcheon was dimmed by the "trail of the serpent," did not appear.

"You see how it was, boys,"—he continued, as they strode along,—"my friends had such an exalted opinion of my talents, and entertained such ambitious hopes of my future, that when I came of age, the whole family assembled in solemn conclave to decide upon my future course and to choose for me a profession.

It was voted unanimously that I should be a minister. Not one of the quiet, self-denying, missionary kind, who hide their feeble lights under the bushels of remote settlements, and spend lives of useful labor in the distant swamps and uncultivated regions of their master's vineyard. No, I was too great a genius for that. But they said I would make a stunning sensational preacher for some rich, fashionable city congregation, who wanted star actors in in their pulpits on Sundays, and æsthetic transcendentalists to peddle religion to their families on weekdays. Indeed, with equal advantages, it was confidently predicted that I would be a second Beecher, making a great stir in society, transmitting my virtues to my friends, and my name to posterity.

But I declined the brilliant prospect, and to the great grief of my august ancestors determined for myself to be an artist. Palette and paints should color my destiny, and with brush and easel I would work my way to fame and fortune. I set out accordingly on my oily course, rented a studio, and spent several weeks experimenting and combining my colors. At length I set to work in earnest to paint a small landscape for the coming Art Exposition, not doubting in the least that I would win the offered prize, cover myself with honor, and convince my friends of the wisdom of my course. I worked like a hero, improving every moment of daylight, and spending hours each night in making studies from nature. I had a penchant for moonlight scenes, and had transfered to my 20x24 inches of best English canvas my idealistic conceptions of the queen of night, shimmering behind a fleecy pile of gold-lined clouds, like the white forehead of a bride beneath her snowy veil. All else was in keeping with the mystic beauty of the scene. The placid lake sleeping in the foreground reflected the mild loveliness of the cloud bank in the azure sky. In the background the heavy clumps of trees, whose foliage was so natural that that the leaves seemed to tremble in an imaginary breeze, cast their sombre shadows over the violets and primroses hidden in the tangled grass. The village in the distance, in the bosom of the vale, and the ruined castle on the hill, shone with a "dim religious light" beneath the hazy moonlight. All nature slept in unison a calm, refreshing sleep. A beautiful halo surrounded the moon, with just one tiny star twinkling inside its magic ring. To my eyes it was perfect, even the slight defects of which I could not but be conscious, enhanced its life-like loveliness.

All true art is delicate. I had well-nigh forgotten that, and had sketched with a bold and dashing hand the striking outlines of the scenery, but afterward toned down its heavy lines with my finest paints. The moon was perfect; it had caused me great anxiety, and I had resorted to every known system of measurement to secure the exact proportions, and had lamed my fingers practising curves and describing lines of beauty, until finally I hit upon the happy expedient of cutting a button off my waistband, sticking it with a pin upon the clouds on the canvas, and drawing a circle around it with a lead pencil; then whisking off the button, there was my moon to perfection.

Another slight blemish was the fact that the sky and the lake were both painted out of the same mixture,—Naples yellow and ultra-marine, but as the drug-store at the corner offered no finer assortment or variety of paints, I was not to blame for that, and no one but a connoisseur could have detected that fault.

But it proved the ruin of my fond hopes. The picture was duly completed, and with my own hands carried tenderly to the Exposition rooms and delivered it to the spectacled usher. My dreams that night were of cloudland, and more moons appeared on the horizon of my sleeping thoughts than astounded the astrologers in the days of good King John. But, alas! Next day I repaired to the Art Gallery with a beating heart, and there was my precious picture hanging upside down against the wall, the near sighted usher having mistaken the lake for the sky. It attracted great attention, and all day long a distinguished group of *savans* and naturalists lingered about it, learnedly discussing its points, and pointing out its merits and defect. I was wounded to the soul to perceive that the little twinkling star, gleaming softly in the halo's circlet, had been unanimously set down in their note books as a shell'fish; and despairingly I left them in the midst of an agonized discussion as to whether my cherished moon was a mud turtle, a terrapin, or a nautilus.

That ended my career as an artist. I sold out my stock of materials to pay the rent of my studio, and went out west to grow up with the country. Society was in a very murky state, being composed to a great extent of the odds and ends of older communities, which naturally gravitate toward all the New Eldorados as fast as they are discovered. It is a popular delusion that everybody finds their level on the plane of social life, yet if any one wants to be cured of the delusion, let him launch off into the troubled waters of western society, and in nine cases out of ten, he'll find it brimfull of unhealthy and insoluble ingredients, with the dregs floating on the top. Of course there is genuine worth and moral stamina commingled with the chaotic mass, but not enough to leaven the whole lump. Had I staid long enoug I might have seen order come out of confusion. The uneasy particles would doubtless *in time* have sought and found each its own proper place in the social economy, leaving only the smooth clear surface of a polished community, with the sediment deposited out of sight at the bottom. But I couldn't wait for it to settle, and drifted off to a more congenial clime.

I then tried editing a newspaper, but my characteristic ill luck pursued me. I was young and somewhat verdant, and did not rightly understand the advantages of a neutral policy, so I rushed along in a zig-zag line, half the time on one side of the political fence, and the other half on the other. But one day a friend appeared; an office holder and an office seeker, and says he to me says he: "Run your paper in my interest, do just as I tell you in the coming canvas, and I'll see you well paid for it; besides, I'll use my influence to secure you the office of postmaster—at a salary of twelve dollars a year." That was a touching appeal; it touched me right on the pocket, and I sailed into the canvas, and laid about me like the giant Despair, getting in a lick wherever I could, and giving telling blows for all of my new friend's pet candidates; and all the while he stood by, (incognito,) encouraging and advising me, telling me what a fine young man I was, and how sure we were of that postoffice, until the election was over. But the trouble did not end then; up in that country a man never knows when he is elected, and my influential friend kept patting me on the shoulder and hissing me into the contest. Rut republics are not more ungrateful than politicians. My influential friend suddenly "jumped the country," taking with him all the money that had been "put up" by our party candidates to buy up honest votes at the highest market rates. Not one penny did we get. He gave it all to his devoted wife, and while I was trying to get my breath again, the opposing candidates reconciled their grievances and united in abusing me as a blunderhead and denounced me as an eighteen-carat storyteller! The successful candidate was "dead broke," and couldn't pay his printing bill! And I didn't get the post office, either.

I quit the newspaper business in disgust, and resolved to write a book. I have always been called literary, I suppose because of my contributions to literature, but my enemies say it's because my room was always littered with scraps of paper and cigar ends.

I was orthodox in my young days, and wrote religious poetry and moral essays for the Sunday papers. But that was before I went west. I learned much in the rough life of the frontier, and what I lost in innocence, I gained in wisdom, so I launched off into a high-pressure, sensational story book, and went on swimmingly for a while, until feeling the need of recreation, I went out to the country to spend a short vacation with a married sister. Then my troubles began. My sister's husband got elected to the Legislature, and the children took the whooping cough. Then my sister herself became enamored of a sewing society, whose ostensible object was to stitch up garments and put together pantaloons for the heathen, but whose real business was to tear characters to tatters, and to unravel reputations. It's the way of the women, you know; they're all alike; just like a flock of geese. Set one of them to cackling, and the whole flock will set up such an unearthly screeching and clattering that not one syllable could be heard even if you shouted yourself hoarse, and proclaimed your innocence till doomsday. A wise man will stop his ears and flee away. But my sister was a woman; and every morning she used to come into my room, dressed in her prettiest toilet, and dropping the baby on my lap, would say sweetly: 'Here, Tom, you can write with baby on your lap, just as well as not. I've got to go to Society to help make flannel shirts for the South Sea Islanders, and there's a cargo of palm-leaf fans to be shipped by next steamer to Greenland, and of course I must be charitable and do my part.' And away she would flutter, leaving baby on my lap, and little four-year old clinging to one shoulder. Now, I am charitably disposed, and I came down handsomely when the ladies asked me to assist in buying up a cargo of condemned army blankets to send to New Zealand, but to have the babies quartered upon me in that fashion was too much for masculine endurance. If you think it's fun to write a novel with a baby in your arms, just try it! A baby is a peculiar little animal. You never know one moment what it will do the next. Sister's baby was a sweet-faced, chubby, little thing, grave as a judge, and solemn as an owl. But its treachery exceeded belief. It had a way of sitting on my lap, sucking its thumb, and staring straight forward, looking as old and as wise as the Sphynx, and apparently deeply engaged in pondering the vexed problem, as to whether Lord Bacon, or Shakespeare himself, wrote Shakespeare, with the odds in favor of Shakespeare; and then just as my mind returned to working order, and I began to look out of the window for any stray thoughts that might be passing;—pop! would go its little finger, plump into my eye; and when at length I had laboriously evoked a few ideas from the depths of my inner consciousness, and took up my pen to impale them on my paper, the little cherub would begin to wriggle and snatch at the paper, tangle its candy-moistened fingers in my hair, pull my moustache till the tears came, and end by tipping up the inkstand on my Sunday pantaloons. And then just to hear the little thing talk: 'Aghloo,—aghloo,—ugh,—umph,—oow,—oo,—oo!' No wonder I lost the thread of my story. But little four-year-old was my greatest trial. Nothing excited her pugnacity so much as the whooping-cough. She inherited her father's spirit and her mother's temper, and when a fit of coughing came on, she would fairly stand on her head with rage, fling herself on the floor, kick up her feet, turn somersaults, and roll about like an electric ball, until the paroxosm had subsided, when she would get up and go on with her play as if nothing had happened.

But that wasn't the worst. She had an intense love for sweetmeats, and was constantly on the lookout for a chance to run away. Her little feet flew like lightning, and before I could put down the baby and find my hat, which was half the time in the coal scuttle, and the other half in the water barrel,—she was half way down the street on her way to the candy store.

Of course the story languished, and one day it came to a full stop. I have always felt it to be the mission of the story writer to write freely, fearlessly, and conscientiously; to expose deceit, to ridicule pretension, to espouse the cause of the poor and lowly, to give valliant pen strokes for the oppressed in every clime, and above all to make no mark that will tell against the right. If people don't want to get hurt let them walk straight, and keep out of the way! You can always tell who is hit when they begin to wince."

"But surely that is wrong," interposed Ross, mildly, "It seems to me very unkind and heartless for a novelist or any one else to make a study of the peculiarities and foibles of their neighbors, solely for the purpose of embalming them in a book. I dare say, now, you look upon every new acquaintance as a subject whom you can dissect, and whose faults and follies you feel at liberty to dress up in the disguise of fiction for the amusement and instruction of the public."

"Nonsense! Yon talk like a schoolboy! No novelist ever did that! But if he wishes to make vice appear hideous and clothe virtue in her most attractive garb, he must perforce seek for living examples to illustrate his pages. An artist has a divine right to appropriate the the beautiful in nature, and to transfer to his canvas the glories of a summer landscape, introducing a farmhouse here; there an orchard or a field of corn; and even the livestock of a county scene may be seized upon and made to do duty as charming adjuncts to his sketch, and the whole blended with hill and lake and woodland, to form a pleasing picture, independently of the question as to who owns the real estate.

Or take a portrait painter in his studies for ideal heads. Hasn't he a right to seize upon a Grecian nose wherever he can find it?—or confiscate a classic brow on sight?—or pounce upon a dimple in a rounded chin?—or snatch a handful of ringlets from a maiden's head?—or catch upon his pencil's point the Madonna-like expression of a pair of perfect eyes? It is the glory of his mystic art to combine and harmonize the stolen feature, and thus form a face of more than human loveliness.

Don't laugh at my plantasies. A novelist is an artist of character, a limner of life's lights and shadows, and when he comes across people who are shining examples of either vice or virtue, fidelity to his art requires that he should transfer their blemishes or beauties to his truthful pages."

"That is argued like a woman," said Ross, laughing,—"you start out with a denial, and then go beating about the bush to disprove your own proposition."

"Well, I'm coming to the point now. It is that we can't lose sight of the personality of our characters or caricatures for the sake of popularity. It is fine sentiment to talk about loving the sinner while condemning the sin, but it isn't in my theology. Crime originates with criminals. If there were no sinners there couldn't be any sin, and according to my way of thinking, the quickest way to destroy sin is to make relentless war on the sinners. What if they do recognize their own own features? It's the best way to turn them from the error of their ways.

Make vice appear hideous and the vicious will hide their diminished heads, but attack the vicious with the full power of a christian press, and your blows are ten times as effectiv. Take the late war for instance. What would it have availed the North to write and preach and sermonize against the crime of rebellion so long as the rebels themselves were unhurt? It was only when the mantle of protecting love was rudely torn from the erring brothers who had raised the storm, that their blows began to tell. By chastising the rebels the rebellion was put dawn.

And so with every other system of wrong and oppression. In these enlightened days when a man commits a wrong he does so with his eyes open. If he lives in direct violation of law and moral obligation, he is not ignorant of the penalty. Hence, the only way to work reform is to attack the transgressors in their strongholds, to lay bare their iniquity, to expose their enormity, and by ridicule, argument or caricature, to make them and their vices appear so heinous in the sight of men, that public scorn and indignation will drive them back from their unworthily filled positions into the obscurity for which they were born; thus making way for others who will not prove false, nor debase their offices of trust for selfish ends or private gain. That's true reform—"

"But what are you driving at, pray?" broke in Ross. "I confess I cannot see the connection between this rambling tirade and your story."

"Then your eyesight is at fault," said the story teller. "In following out my theory of reform, I began to cannonade the camp of a set of pretenders and parvenus who had stolen the livery of Uncle Sam to play the devil in,—and one of my random shots came on the head of a sharp-featured, combative, little woman who had been originally cut out for an old maid, but whom a verdant youth, ten years her junior, had married by mistake.

Now, I am not wanting in courage, and will cheerfully cross swords with any man any day, but 'Earth hath no fury like a woman scorned,' and I pray to be delivered from a fight with any of the sex. Men have some honor about them. They will walk out to the front and deal heavy blows in a slashing, broadaxe sort of a style. They do battle on the square, and you know when to expect a knock-down blow. Why, even an Indian will utter a war-whoop to let you know he is going to attack. But a woman will put on her smoothest face and sweetest smile, and deal you a mortal injury before you even guess at what is going on. Slander is her favorite weapon, and one against which a man has no more redress than an elephant against an enraged hornet. I learned a good lesson on that score on my father's farm. A short-horned animal of the genuine Ayreshire blood, was one day browsing around in the orchard, nipping daintily at the fragrant clover blossoms, and chewing the cud of dignified contemplation, when his foot chanced to brush against a bee engaged in abstracting honey from the clover tops, and the infuriated little insect flew up and stung him on the nose. Whew! but wasn't he mad? He made a charge at that bee, but missed it, and jammed his head forcibly against a big apple tree that stood just in range. The bee came buzzing back, and stung him again, in the eye, and he made another charge, his horns crashing against one corner of the smoke house with a shock like an earthquake. And so they kept it up. The bee whizzing and buzzing, darting off at a tangent, and shooting back again, and stinging him every time, and Ayreshire kicking and plunging and charging after it, bellowing like a wild beast, and pawing up the ground in his blind rage. But he was no match for that bee. The other cows looked on in consternation at a safe distance. The gobblers gobbled, the Guinea fowls screeched, and the chickens flew up to the topmost limbs of the cherry trees, so they had the field all to themselves. At length, goaded to desperation, he made a frantic leap, and the bee shot like a bullet into the hive, and Taurus followed it up, and tipped over the hive in a twinkling. The whole swarm tumbled out and attacked him, and the next seen of Taurus he was sailing down the turnpike at the rate of ten knots an hour, bellowing and rumbling like a volcano, and whisking his tail like a lion at a circus.

He had a great respect for bees ever afterward. Even their peaceful hum among the clover heads would make him start as if shot, and he would sidle off to the furthest corner of the pasture, stepping as gingerly as if treading on thorns—"

"But the story," queried Ross, impatiently. "What has all this to do with the story?—Didn't you write it after all?"

"Wait till I get through; its an episode with a moral:—'*Hic fabula Docet.*' When a man is slandered by a woman let him not seek to defend himself, lest a worse thing come upon him—but there you can apply the moral for yourself!"

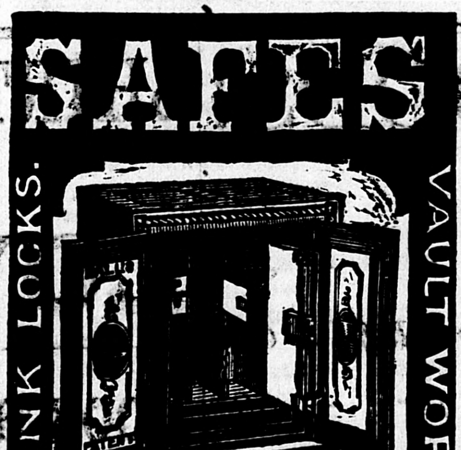
"But what of the story?" persisted Ross. "What became of the story?"

"Here it is," said the Corporal, taking a ragged roll of manuscript from his coat pocket, "and if I get safe away from these army folks, I'll finish it yet!"

(Continued next week.)

A Costly Sepulchre.

A correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* describes one of the tombs in the famous Milan Cathedral. Procuring a permit and a priest, we descended to the subterranean chapel, the richest in Europe. Here I had the pleasure of coming in contact with the most distinguished and wealthiest deadhead in the world, the late lamented St. Charles Borromeo who died two hundred years since. "None knew him but to love him; none named him but to praise." He was a cardinal, bishop of Milan, and good to the poor, and for his many virtues was canonized. His remains lie in a rich coffin of silver, and through the crystal sides you see the dead and withered skull grinning in the midst of rich robes, rare jewels, and flashing gems. The coffin is hung with costly offerings, and the ceiling of the chapel is covered with bas-relief in solid silver, representing events in the saint's life. In this little chapel 10x12 4,000,000 francs have been lavished. In the coffin hangs a gold cross containing seven emeralds, each as large as chestnuts encrusted in diamonds. This little ornament is worth $100,000. I tried to buy in, but unfortunately the priest could not change my large bills.


SAFES
BANK LOCKS.
VAULT WORK.
HALL'S SAFE & LOCK Co.

HALL'S STANDARD SAFES.

BIGFORD & PASSMORE, Agents,

MINNESOTA, DAKOTA AND BRITISH POSSESSIONS.

No. 46, Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.

[v2no32tf.]

Bank of Bismarck.

RECEIVES DEPOSITS SUBJECT TO SIGHT DRAFTS—INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS—EASTERN EXCHANGE BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Collections Made & Promptly Remitted.

JAS. W. RAYMOND & CO.

H. M. DAVIS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

MORTON'S HALL,

5w13 BISMARCK, D. T.

BRAMBLE HOUSE,

Moorhead, Minn.

First Class in every particular. Free Bus to Depot and Boats.

Every Train from Bismarck runs now to Moorhead, and starts mornings from there, opposite the Bramble House.

Headquarters for Stages.

C. P. SLOGGY, Prop'r.

JOHN MATHEIS'

Carpet House!

Carpets, Wall Paper and Window Shades, Lace and Muslin Curtains, 44 and 46 W Third Street, St. Paul, Minn. 2-5y1

CHARLES H. McCARTY,

LIVERY, SALE

—AND—

FEEDSTABLE

Cor. Third and Thayer Sts.

Buggies and Saddle horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.

Our buggies and harnesses are new and of the best manufacture and style and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.

Our Stable is large and airy and accommodations for Boarding stock the best in the country.

Stock sold on commission. 15y

CAPITOL HOTEL,

BISMARCK, - - D. T.,

Opposite the N. P. R. R. Depot.

This Hotel is new and kept in Good Style. Travelers will have every accommodation to insure their comfort.

R. R. MARSH & CO.,

Proprietors.

M. M. FULLER,

Commission Merchant,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Wholesale and Retail dealer in Flour, Feed, Butter, Eggs, &c., &c. Northern Pacific dealers will find it to their interest to communicate with this house before purchasing elsewhere.

v2no7-1y

OSTLAND'S

Livery & Feed

STABLE,

Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.

Buggies and Saddle Horses for hiro by the day or hour at reasonable rates.

My Buggies and Harness are new and of the best manufacture and style, and our Stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.

My Stable is large and airy, and accommodations for Boarding stock the best in the country. 39-3m

B. F. SLAUGHTER, M. D.,

Physician & Surgeon

U. S. Pension Examining Surgeon.

Office in Residence Corner of Main and Second Streets. 11y

CHAS. STEARNS. CHAS. LOUIS.

STEARNS & LOUIS,

PRACTICAL

House and Sign Painters,

Main St., bet. 5th and 6th, Bismarck, D. T.

39—y1

JOHN P. FORSTER.

Main St., 3 Doors West of Capitol Hotel,

BISMARCK, D. T.

FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT,

AND

ICE CREAM SALOON.

Confectionery, Pasty and Cake Baker. Meals at all hours of the Day. Board by the Day or Week. All orders for FLOWERS or VEGETABLES promptly filled. 1-47tf

ROBERT CRAIG. JNO. P. LARKIN.

CRAIG & LARKIN.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

CROCKERY, FRENCH CHINA,

Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses and House Furnishing Goods, 66 East Third Street. Old No. 137, St. Paul Minn. 1-46y1

J. C. Oswald,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

BOURBON AND RYE WHISKIES,

Brandies, Gins, Wines and Cigars,

No. 3 Pence Opera House,

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

THOMAS VAN ETTEN,

Attorney and Counselor AT LAW,

BISMARCK, - - DAKOTA.

1-50

JOHN A. STOYELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Bismarck, D. T.

1-42y1

E. A. Williams,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, REAL ESTATE AND COLLECTION AGENT.

BISMARCK, - - D. T

BISMARCK AND VICINITY.

Bismarck, D. T., Feb. 17, 1875.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

Signal Service, U. S. A.

DIVISION OF TELEGRAMS, AND REPORTS FOR THE BENEFIT OF COMMERCE AND AGRICULTURE, BISMARCK, DAKOTA TERRITORY.

REPORT OF TEMPERATURE, ETC. FOR THE WEEK ENDING MONDAY, FEBUARY 15, 1875.

Day of Week.	Mean Barometer.	Mean Thermometer.	Mean Humidity	Avg. Direction of Wind	Daily Velocity.	Amt. of Snow & Rain.	State of the Weather.
Tuesday	29.696	7.25	92.075	SE	278	.44	Lt. Snow.
Wednesday	30.065	-7.25	58.75	N	470	.09	Cloudy.
Thursday	30.072	-16.75	45.925	N	236	.00	Clear.
Friday	30.046	-7.50	55.45	N	315	.00	Fair.
Saturday	30.389	9.25	47.575	NW	59	.00	Clear.
Sunday	30.592	-15.50	30.125	N	68	.00	Clear.
Monday	30.320	-3.75	49.35	S	104	.00	Fair.
Weekly Means	30.166	-7.107	54.179	N	8.5p.h	.58	Fair.

J. H. SMITH, Observer Sergeant,
Signal Service, U. S. A.

Highest temperature, 14°
Lowest temperature, -26°

Services at the Presbyterian Church in the morning at half past 10 o'clock, in the evening at half past seven. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at half past seven o'clock.

JOSIAH DELAMATER. GEO. P. FLANNERY

DELAMATER & FLANNERY,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW, REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENTS.

BISMARCK, - - D. T.

Lands located. Abstracts of title furnished, and collection of claims promptly attended to. 1-47tf

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Attention Horsemen !

All those who have horses afflicted with any kind of disease, call on

W. P. McElroy,

PRACTICAL VETERINARY SURGEON,

of 15 years standing, who has permanently located at Bismarck, and who will treat all diseases to which the horse is subject.

Office at Dunn & Co's, Drug Store; or at Chas McCarty's Livery Stable.
nov18-1874—19m3.

New Advertisements

LIST of Letters remaining in the Office at Bismarck, February, 16, 1875.

Anderson Harvey
Arnold Miss D
Burk Michael 2
Bacon Ladru E
Bengtson A P
Bockemuhl Geo
Canedy Thomas
Deford Franklin
Eckerd Fred
Forman Saul
Ganon Francis 2
Hoghend J P 2
Hughes J S
Hay Joseph
Hay George
Kennady Jashua
Kalberer Jacob 2
McDonel Leroy
O'Dea Patrick
Roberts H C
Sanisbury Jas H 2
Snow Fred
Stwman S S
Watson Robert
Wambold Frank
Wertenbeyer John S
Walton Jack
Young W D

MRS. LINDA W. SLAUGHTER, P. M.

BISMARCK and FT. BUFORD STAGE LINE.

The Bismarck and Fort Buford U. S. Mail and Stage line will run as follows:—GOING SOUTH: Leave Fort Buford at 6:30 a. m., Mondays. Leave Fort Stevenson at 6:30 a. m., Fridays, arriving at Bismarck on Sunday evening. GOING NORTH: Leave Bismarck at 6:30 a. m., Mondays. Leave Fort Stevenson at 6:30 a. m., Wednesdays, arriving at Fort Buford on Sunday evening. Passenger and express matter carried on reasonable terms. Transportation can be secured on application to Geo. Sparks, Fort Buford; Major Sperry, Fort Berthold; Geo. Rude, Fort Stevenson, or Mann & Merry, Bismarck.

J. S. MANN,
L. MERRY
2-4n6

Constable's Sale.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, } ss.
County of Burleigh. }

By virtue of an execution issued by H. M. Davis, Justice of the Peace in and for the County of Burleigh and Territory of Dakota, against the goods and chattels of E. A. Williams, in a certain action wherein H. Brownson is plaintiff and E. A. Williams is defendant, in favor of said plaintiff and against said defendant, for the sum of $41.00, being the amount of debt and costs, I have seized and taken the following described property of said defendant, to-wit: One frame building situate at a place known as "The Point," in said County of Burleigh, and known as "The Snow Flake Saloon," now occupied by W. Kennegy, and I shall offer the same at public auction, on Saturday, February 20th, 1875, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of said "Snow Flake Saloon."

Dated at Bismarck, D. T., February 8th, A. D., 1875.
THOMAS MADDEN,
Constable.
n31feb10w2

Fred. Strauss,

DEALER IN

WATCHES, SPECTACLES,

and all kinds of Jewelry. Orders of any description will be promptly filled. Satisfaction guaranteed.
1-40tf Main St., Bismarck, D. T.

J. A. McLEAN,

General Supply Store,

AND DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

Boots and Shoes, Yankee Notions, Provisions, &c., &c., Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c

FRESH VEGETABLES.

Groceries, Flour, Feed, Canned and Dried Fruits kept constantly on hand. Give him a call at his new and nicely fitted up Store, on Main St., Bismarck, D. T. 1-47

B. Beaupre. P. H. Kelly

Beaupre & Kelly, Wholesale Grocers,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

ECKFORD & RYAN

Merchant Tailors

DEALERS IN

Ready Made Clothing

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods.

Military work a specialty.
Main Street Bismarck, D. T. 1-48

CHR'ST HEHLI,
KING OF THE

BARBERS !

Opposite N. P. R. R. Depot, Bismarck!

HOT AND COLD BATHS !

HAIR CUTTING, SHAVING AND adies Hair-Dressing, done in the Latest Fashion.

All Tonsorial Work Done in a Workmanlike Manner.
36-3m

DUNN & CO.,

DRUGGISTS,

MAIN STREET,
Bismarck, D. T.
v2n12tf

WESTERN LAND ASSOCIATION
PROPRIETORS OF
REAL ESTATE IN DULUTH
For Sale or Lease,
LUTHER MENDENHALL, AGENT.

STOVES! STOVES!

CHARTER OAK and MATCHLESS COOKING STOVES.

EXCELSIOR BOX STOVES,

Celebrated EVENING STAR Parlor Stove.

We have in transit, and to arrive in a few days, a fine lot of the above far famed Stoves, direct from the manufacturers at St. Louis.
Now is the time to leave your orders for Stoves, Piping, &c.

JAMES DOUGLAS & CO.

JOE DIETRICH, JR.,

OMNIBUS LINE

BETWEEN

FT. LINCOLN AND BISMARCK.

LEAVES BISMARCK:
7:30 a. m. 9 a. m. 1 p. m. 4 p. m. Daily.

LEAVES THE POINT OPPOSITE LINCOLN:
10 a. m. 12 m. 3 p. m. 6:30 p. m. Daily.

On Sundays the Omnibus will only make the 9 a. m. and 1 p. m. trips.
34-3m

SEWING MACHINES.

Parties wishing a Sewing Machine will find it to their advantage to call on J. W. FISHER, at the U. S. Express Office, Bismarck, D. T, who keeps always on hand, machines, needles, castors, and sewing Machine attachments of all kinds. 1-48tf

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CITY BAKERY.

John Yegen, Front Street, would announce to the citizens of Bismarck that he is prepared to fill orders for cakes pies or fancy pastry on short notice guaranteeing satisfaction with reasonable charges. Fine light bread ten cents a loaf or four loaves for twenty-five cents. 20 3m

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JOHN MASON

Billiard Hall

WHOLESALE AND RET L DEALER IN

PRODUCE AND COMMISSION,

CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS. CIGARS and TOBACCO.

Cor. Main and Fifth Streets, Bismarck, D. T. and Moorhead, Minn.

W. H. STIMPSON,

General News Agent

ANDDEALER IN

BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
OTIONS,
FRUITS,
OF ALL KINDS,
PAPER COLLARS,
SOAPS,
CONFECTIONERY, &c.

BISMARCK, D. T.

Strangers and others will find all the latest newspapers and a full stock of goohs.

W. H. STIMPSON.

GEO. G. GIBBS'

Blacksmith and Wagon Shop,

Corner of Third and Thayer Streets, Bismarck, D. T.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

2-2 1y

AUERBACH, FINCH & SHEFFER

JOBBERS OF

Dry Goods and Notiens

114, 116 and 119 Third Stroet,

ST. PAUL, - - MINNESOTA.

PROF. COMERS

EMPIRE SHAVING AND BATHING ROOMS!

Third St. between Main and Meigs Sts., Bismarck, Hot and Cold Baths at al hours, Special attention given to Bathers. 19 1y

---

For Thirty Days Only!

Closing out of DRY GOODS, CLOTHING and Furnishing Goods.

To make room for an IMMENSE STOCK of GROCERIES, SUPPLIES, Feed, Canned Goods, &c., &c., to arrive by First Trains.

DRESS GOODS!

Plaid Poplins, worth 60c for -	*35c*
Plain Poplins, worth 50c for - -	*35c*
Fine French Merino (Plaid) worth $1,	*65c*
Best French Merino, worth $1, for -	*60c*

Belts,
Ribbons,
Balmoral Skirts,
Table Cloths,
Towels,
Hosiery,
Gloves,
&c., &c., &c., &c.

SHIRTS AND DRAWERS

at astonishingly

LOW PRICES

Look at this! Look at this!

A Good Overcoat, worth $20, for - -	$ 0.00
Good All Wool Suits, formerly sold for $25, for -	18.10
Best Imported Suits, worth $30, for -	20.00
Best Suits ever brought to Bismarck, for - -	25.00

Furnishing Goods,

Ties,
Scarfs,
&c., &c., &c.

GROCERIES!

A

LARGE STOCK!

VERY LOW.

We are prepared to do a large Storage, Commission and Forwarding Business for Merchants up or down the River.

Orders from all Military Posts promptly filled, whether in our line or not.

ALL GOODS DELIVERED FREE INSIDE CITY LIMITS.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO.